

Borrohme's March," which was the very thing they wanted. Its bould, martial strains made thim look like salamanders, and, after tryin' it a couple iv times, me and the bandmaster wint to arrange the music. "Which is your favorite instrument, Mr. O'Toole?" ses he. "You have'nt got such a thing as an Irish bagpipes handy," ses I. "No," ses he, lookin' rather downhearted, "the last set was sint to the Emperor iv the Frinch about a fortnight ago to comfort him a little, but, maybe, a violintshellow id shute ye instead." "No thank you," ses I, thinkin' he was tryin' to take a pelt out iv me, "you can confine yer 'violent shellin' and other big gun practices to the Frinch that is used to it; for my part I prefer dyin' comfortably in my bed." "Excuse me, Mr. O'Toole," ses he, "jestin' was far from my mind, I meant a base fiddle." "Oh! I pursue," ses I, "why the divil didn't you say so, and thin there'd be no mistake? Unfortunately its not in my line, but if we had a barrel organ I think we could manage it." He brightened up in a minute. "Fortune is with us," ses he, "there's one up-stairs plays a beautiful set iv psalms, the King sometimes takes a turn at it afore visitors, but I think he won't want any more religion till the next war, so we can change a couple iv them into "Brian Borrohme." Well, to work we went, I liltin' the tune and he